PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-37

CARMEL CYMBAL

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It Looks Like War, Carmel Is Told

SAYS THE EDITOR

PECULIAR COINCIDENCE AND CYMBAL EXTRA

Wonder if you noticed the peculiar coincidence last week.

We wrote in THE CYMBAL, in illustration of its weekly importance to advertisers despite stories of opposing advertising solicitors that it wouldn't last:

"Supposing you walked in to Mrs. Flanders today (Friday) and said: 'Sorry I can't buy a ticket to hear Richard Crooks tomorrow (Saturday) night; I understand he's going to lose his voice next Thursday afternoon'."

That very day Richard Crooks arrived in Carmel, went to bed that night in La Ribera hotel and the next morning awoke without any voice.

It's just one of those things—one of those peculiar things.

Incidentally, THE CYMBAL issued last Saturday afternoon the third "extra" in the history of Carmel newspapers. The first one THE CYMBAL issued ten years ago to arouse the citizens against a plan of the Woman's Club at that time to put a bathing pavilion on the beach and all the other obnoxious things that would fasten on to it. (It was a different Woman's Club then, by the way.)

We are told that another one was issued some time later, but we were away from here at the time and have no personal knowledge of it.

Last Saturday's "extra" told of Richard Crooks' sudden illness. A total of 168 of them were sold. They materially assisted the Carmel Music Society in informing some 700 ticket-holders that the Carmel concert was off. With this aid by THE CYMBAL the Music Society was able to reach practically all of those who had planned to attend the concert. Only 16 persons arrived Saturday night at the Sunset Auditorium, ignorant of the unfortunate turn of events.

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THREE COUNCIL MEMBERS NEED TALKING TO

We sometimes think (not too often, but enough to retain our characteristic modesty) that Carmel would have been better off today if it had elected us to the city council. We thought of it considerably while sitting in on the first half of last week's session of that body when only Mayor Everett Smith and Councilmen Bernard Rowntree and Joseph Burge were present.

We do know this: that if we had been sitting at that council chamber last Wednesday week, the courtesy our mother and father taught us, the consideration for others we learned at their knees, would have asserted themselves to stood out as a blinding light of the extent that we would have manhood against the black background of apparent disrespect personified in Smith, Rowntree and Burge.

We have sat on legislative bodies and we have attended hundreds upon hundreds of sessions of them, but not until last week did we realize how misrepresented an intelligent citizenry could be.

Two communications were received and read to those three members of our city council last week and to neither of them was as much

(Continued on Page Two)

Airplane Victims Well Known In Carmel

Two victims of the San Francisco airplane crash were well known in Carmel—John Grennan and his daughter, Gertrude.

Two years ago the Grennan family, living at 1734 Spruce street, Berkeley, occupied the Green house at Tenth and Camino Real during the summer, and Miss Charlotte Grennan, another daughter, was here visiting friends only a few weeks ago. The fatal trip was the first airplane journey Miss Gertrude Grennan had ever made.

Bill Gilmore, captain of the San Mateo polo team, is the brother of Franklin Gilmore, one of the plane victims. The scheduled finals of a 16 goal meet between the San Mateo team and Castroville at Del Monte Wednesday was called off because of the tragedy and the consequent absence of Captain Gilmore.

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Caroline Hollis's Death Shock To Host of Friends

News of the death of Mrs. Caroline White Hollis, long time resident of Carmel Highlands, on Tuesday afternoon, comes as a shock to her many friends. Mrs. Hollis, mother of Miss Elizabeth (Buzzey) Hollis, had, during the last 13 years, built around her a home and atmosphere of more than usual interest and her witty and sometimes caustic comments on the contemporary scene made the tea or dinner hour with her a memorable event.

Woodcarving was her milieu. She knew the medium of wood as a lover of it—its textures, its flexibilities, its place in the general scheme. She furnished her own home with many interesting and notable pieces which she had seen, admired and copied. A Chinese chest, an English door, a bit of the here and there transmogrified into mahogany. She and her daughter were wont to make excursions here and abroad, bringing precious bits of souvenir, lively and fascinating remembrance of lively and companionable journeyings. Together, they made their Doll House, now famous on the Peninsula, which is so perfectly fitted with treasures in miniature.

At the time of the visit of Queen Marie to this country a few years back, one of the large dailies published rotogravure pictures of her own state chambers with descriptions of the many beautiful carved pieces. In her bedroom was a small chest which had a particular interest for Mrs. Hollis. After having ascertained how properly to address a queen, Mrs. Hollis wrote a letter to Marie, making inquiries as to the character of the carving, some details of which were not clear in the picture. Mrs. Hollis was always glad to show her friends the charming reply written by the queen herself and signed "Marie, R."

Mrs. Hollis was a native of San Francisco. Funeral services will be held this afternoon in St. Matthew's Church in San Mateo.

Sutro Property at Highlands Sold To Kirschner

Through Gladys Johnston and Claribel Zuck, A. Kirschner, owner of the Grayson Shops, chain of women's smart stores, has bought the famous Sutro property at Carmel Highlands. Now a series of beautiful terraces, the house itself having burned down a few years ago, the acre or more of property will be the site of a home which Kirschner will start building immediately, presumably for his daughter.

Another important sale the past week by Gladys Johnston is that of the Grace Rodgers home at the Highlands, originally constructed by Paul Bissinger. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. West of Reno are the purchasers and intend making it their summer home.

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Building Permits $18,267 So Far In February

Building is again looking up in Carmel, it probably having been decided by property owners that it can't possibly rain as much in February as it did in January.

So far, for the month there have been six permits issued by Burney Adams, city inspector. Two are for new adobes and four for additions and alterations. The total cost of construction is $18,267.

The largest so far this month is for a cottage and guest house to be built by C. C. Owen on Carmelo between Seventh and Eighth streets and to cost $8,000. The contractor is W. B. Snook.

Yvonne K. Navas-Rey is to build an addition to her cottage at First and Vista streets, and a garage, at a cost of $1436. The work is to be done by day labor.

H. Geyer has given Mr. and Mrs. William Healey an estimate of $4331 to build them a cottage and garage. The $1 tacked on the end of the figure puzzles us a bit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Burt are to do some additional work on a house at Fourth and Carmelo. Cost, $1600, which goes to L. E. Gottfried.

Mrs. Clair Foster has contracted with M. J. Murphy Company to make some additions and alterations on her property on Dolores near Thirteenth street. Cost, $2500.

Mrs. Edith Skene will have $500 worth of garage and addition to a house at Seventh and Camino Real done by day labor.

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JOHN H. McKEE, LONG CARMEL RESIDENT, DIES

John H. McKee, for 19 years a resident of Carmel, died Monday afternoon at his home on San Antonio street. He was a native of New York City. He had come to Carmel with Mrs. McKee on retiring from active service as a customs broker. Besides his wife, Mrs. Ima McKee, he leaves a son, Ross, living in the East. Private funeral services were held and the body was cremated in Santa Cruz.

La Frenz-Samson Deal Has Real Estaters Dizzy

Here's a little deal that looks like frenzied finance and isn't so frenzied as you might think. Last week THE CYMBAL recorded the interesting fact that Thoburn, Real Estate, had sold ten lots belonging to the Moses Estate for approximately $13,000. We admit we rather guessed at that figure, but it proves to have been only a trifle high.

We didn't say who bought the lots which, by the way, are the center of a block between Seventh and Eighth streets, five facing on Casanova and the other five behind them facing on Monte Verde. We didn't say because we weren't told. It was a secret. But the secret is out now—A. C. La Frenz and Hallie Samson bought them, and—

They are offering them for sale at $1850 apiece and they have already sold two of them. They are offering the rest in couples, at $3700, and it is reported on good authority that prospective buyers are crowding around.

It looks to us like a good deal—for La Frenz-Samson. You multiply 1850 by 10 and then subtract, quick-like, say, $13,000, and you get what we mean.

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Milstein To Play Here Feb. 20

The Carmel Music Society is following up Richard Crooks, who sings at Sunset Auditorium tomorrow night, with Nathan Milstein, brilliant Russian violinist, to be heard in recital Saturday night of next week at the same place.

Milstein has made sensational tours of three continents and this visit to America is his seventh. Music reviewers in newspapers of all the principal American cities are wild about the man, bringing into play their heaviest bags of superlatives in reviewing his concerts.

In the course of his six American tours Milstein has played four seasons with the Chicago Symphony, three with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and St. Louis Symphony Orchestras, two with the Philadelphia and Cincinnati Orchestras, one year with the Boston Symphony.

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MANZANITA CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS, ETC., ETC.

Paul Flanders is the new president of the Manzanita Club, according to the ballots counted at the annual meeting of the club on Wednesday night. Robert G. Leidig is vice-president and Franklin Murphy secretary-treasurer. M. J. Murphy was not only made a director, to serve with the other officers, but master of arms as well.

Then there was gaiety, the sort of gaiety only the Manzanita Club is capable of staging. Ben Wetzel did a stunt that has to do with a glass of beer—and he did it perfectly. Milt Latham made a speech, but, as somebody remarked, that isn't news. Bill Frolli did things with Bill Frolli you never in the world would believe, never in the world believe.

DR. BRYN-JONES PUTS CONCERN INTO AUDIENCE AT PINE INN

With simple force and unerring diction, Dr. David Bryn-Jones laid before members and guests of the League of Women Voters Tuesday night the whole and itemized statement of what a total neutrality policy will cost America.

Bringing his audience up short with the assertion that we have reached a dangerous lull in our consciousness of impending danger, Dr. Bryn-Jones began by reviewing the European situation as he saw it last summer.

"I was surprised—even shocked," he said, "in the change of the psychology of the people of Great Britain from 1935—the time of my last visit to England—to the summer of 1936. In 1935 there was mild apprehension. That has now changed to fear. And to something even more shocking than fear—a sort of fatalism, which makes men say, 'It is coming, but what can we do about it?' "

Even in the Scandinavian countries—those bulwarks of stability—Dr. Bryn-Jones found a kind of presentiment abroad, and the same un-Nordic feeling, "after all, what can we do about it?" In Sweden, more money is being spent on defense preparations, economic defense, than ever before in her history. Great Britain's navy is breaking its own record in ambition and extent. Consciousness of a potential break-up at any moment is evidenced even in the attitude of and toward children.

In the opinion of the speaker, Europe is in the exact position she found herself in the last two weeks of August of 1914. No longer, says Dr. Bryn-Jones, need we look for a dangerous situation, no longer can we depend on a diplomatic tour de force. The situation seems to have arrived at the point of bitter suspicion and antagonism where an incident, such as, for instance, the sinking of a British ship at Gibraltar, might have the effect of repeating Sarajevo.

"Now no easy assumption of peace" is possible in face of this situation. Dr. Bryn-Jones does not think war inevitable. He gives it a 50-50 chance within the next four years. But daily, he says, he grows more doubtful. "The present temper is too akin to 1914 to be pleasant." Only by an intelligent

(Continued on Page Eight)

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IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CYMBAL

Naturally, we want to make it easy for you to subscribe for THE CYMBAL, and, naturally, we have.

On the north side of Ocean avenue, just a few steps west from San Carlos street, you will find Barnet Segal's office. (He's the bird who's always selling Ocean avenue property to somebody.) In his office you will find Helen McLachlan and Betty Stuhr (given alphabetically to prevent trouble) who will gladly, smilingly, with what you might call avidity, take your dollar and give you a receipt. And from then on, for 52 weeks, what swell Fridays are in store for you!

consideration or, even, attention given as would naturally be accorded to a whimpering dog. No comment whatsoever would have been made on either of them had it not been for a puzzled query from the lobby.

One of those communications was from the chief of the fire department and four of the highest officers of the department. It was a dignified, studied and exceedingly important communication. As we recorded last week, Bernard Rowntree, his back turned to the lobby as it often is, immediately on the reading of the fire department's letter, moved that it be referred to the fire commissioner which is himself. Immediately then Councilman Burge, in a tone of voice that clearly indicated contempt for the communication, moved it be tabled, and Rowntree seconded this motion. Mayor Smith said nothing, except an "aye" on the vote to table.

About two years ago, in the columns of THE CYMBAL we asked the members of the city council to remember who they are. We ask these three members of the council today the same thing.

Apparently the communication from the fire department had been anticipated, or apprehended, by Smith, Rowntree and Burge, or at least, by Rowntree and Burge. But it had neither been anticipated nor apprehended by the people of Carmel. We, the people, knew nothing about it, and we, the people, have a right to know something about it. We have a right to know why those three members of the city council, three men, who, by the way, are only our delegated representatives in conducting the affairs of the city, treated an important communication as they did. We have a right to know what is in their minds and their intentions in regard to it.

The letter from Fire Chief Leidig and four of his officers asked for the appointment of a paid fireman, always to be on hand at the fire station, ready at a moment's notice to turn in an alarm, ready, with the fire truck warmed up to start for a fire when firemen arrived, competent to drive the fire truck without danger to it, an expensive piece of machinery, and without danger to the lives and limbs of human beings.

What was the matter with that communication? Why should it be unceremoniously laid on the table? Why should those three members of the city council seek to ignore it completely, repudiate it, or cast it aside as worthless?

Joe Burge, reluctantly, on demand from one voice in the lobby, gave the most absurd of answers. He said, generally, something about bad blood between the fire department and the police department, and something silly about policemen's wives being awakened at 2 o'clock in the morning to answer calls and listen to abuse.

What's that got to do with a request of the officers of the fire department for assistance to render the department more efficient, capable of meeting emergencies, more effective in its volunteer (so far) work of protecting the city from destruction by fire?

We suppose the answer is: "Oh, we know all about it, but you don't. THE CYMBAL can rant around, but we know the inside. We know what the trouble is and when these two departments can get together it can be settled."

All right. Let the public know about it. The votes you three men got at the last elections didn't say anything to you about keeping the city's affairs locked in your own little important breasts. They didn't make you a triumvirate to hold closed sessions on municipal business and settle it whenever you good and well pleased.

If there is a row between the fire department and the police department, we, the people, want to know about it. It is our concern as well as yours. If you, Mr. Rowntree, can't run that fire department efefectively as its council head, we want to know that. If you, Mr. Burge, can't protect policemen's wives from being called up at 2 o'clock in the morning to listen to abuse we want to know about it. If the city's safety is menaced by bad blood between these two most important branches of public safety, we want to know about it.

In other words, and plain words, we want to know why a communication, addressed to you by the officers of the fire department should be treated as nothing at all. We don't care what secret information you have. We want to know what the trouble is. There are hundreds of property owners in this city who feel that the request of Chief Leidig and his officers was a justifiable request; who feel that the fire department should be made more efficient and ready; who feel that we need a first-rate, up-on-its-toes fire department more than we need a first-rate police department. There are hundreds of property owners in this city who feel that our police department is over-manned, over-financed and generally too big and expensive for a city the size of Carmel.

As far as THE CYMBAL is concerned we have no quarrel with the police department, or with any member of it. The editor of THE CYMBAL, in fact, has every reason to feel kindly toward the police department. We know its individual members better than we do any member of the fire department with the exception of Chief Leidig. We know them and personally, we like them.

But we feel that the interests of Carmel can best be served by a new deal in relation to our public safety departments. We feel that we are paying too much for our police and far, far too little for our firemen. We have a bigger police department than many places considerably larger. We do not need so big a force. Some of the taxpayers' money that is going into the police department should go into the fire department.

And when matters of importance regarding the fire department come before our city council we have a right to ask that they be treated with courtesy, consideration and, above all, with some sort of action that will let the people of this city know what is going on.

THE CYMBAL wants it understood that we have been talking, are talking, to three members of the city council. We believe, we are sure, that if Councilman Clara Kellogg or Councilman James H. Thoburn had been at that meeting last week when the fire company's communication was read, something would have been said about it. The public would have gotten some idea, at least, of what is going on.

THE CYMBAL proposes, beginning with the next issue, to bring this thing out into the open if it can be snagged and dragged out. We propose to discuss the relative values of the police and fire departments, the cost of each to the city, and comparisons with other cities of our size in the appropriations made for public safety departments.

—W. K. B.

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Councilman and Mrs. James H. Thoburn have as their house-guest Mrs. C. L. Manley of Jamestown, Tuolumne county. Mrs. Manley will remain in Carmel for several weeks.

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Read The Cymbal Ads.

Carmel Red Cross Total Now $3000

Chairman C. W. Lee of Carmel chapter, American Red Cross, said today that a total of $3,000 would be subscribed by the end of the week for flood relief. This means that our citizens have donated over five times the original quota placed on the chapter two weeks ago.

Nearly every organization in Carmel, aside from individuals, has contributed to the fund. Sunset School Junior Red Cross, under direction of Ann Whitman, school chairman, has already deposited nearly $50 with the treasurer. P. T. A. and La Collecta Club are also among the donors.

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"The Fool" Moves Over to Feb. 19

Stepping out of an otherwise crowded week-end of cultural entertainment, the sponsors of the production of Channing Pollock's "The Fool" have postponed presentation of the play until next Friday night at Sunset Auditorium.

This will give Clay Otto and George Marion unexpected and additional time to smooth out whatever rumples their keen dramatic eyes can find in the work of the local cast.

"The Fool" ought to be good. Looking over the cast one can see what might be called utter possibilities. For instance, there's Walt Tuthill. Who in fury ever told him he was an actor, either good or bad. We know people who are going to that show just to see Walt Tuthill.

However, and nevertheless, if Otto and Marion are shaking that cast around Walt may turn out another John Drew.

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CARMEL LOSES MARBLE MACHINES TOMORROW

Seven or so-called pin ball machines, in which you stake your nickels on the peregrinations of marbles, are doomed to be removed peacably from Carmel establishments before midnight tomorrow or else they will be removed forceably. This is the edict of District Attorney Anthony Brazil of Monterey County who, together with other officials and police department heads of this county, met with similar officials from San Benito and Santa Cruz counties Tuesday and so decided. In other words, it appears to be the law and, it has been decided, the law is to be enforced. Even the present operators of the machines are of the opinion that the officers are in earnest, and have resigned themselves to the loss of the extra nickels through the pin ball machines. But they all say: "It's just one of those flares. The machines will be back, or there will be something else to take their places."

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JEWEL CHANEY IS NOW POWDER PUFF OWNER

Jewel Chaney is the new, and busy, owner of the Powder Puff Beauty Studio in Las Tiendas Court on Ocean avenue. She purchased the studio from Gladys Young the past week. She was formerly connected with the Bellas Artes Studio in La Rambla building which was, as noted in THE CYMBAL last week, recently acquired by D. C. Andre.

Jewel Chaney is a beauty operator with a wealth of experience, both in New York on Fifth avenue and here in the west. Her ownership of the Powder Puff means that every modern beauty method which has been tried and found true will be used in the studio.

Richard Bare Sells 3 Movie Scripts

This fellow Dick Bare who seems to be getting away with running the Filmarte above the red (bookkeeping, we mean) has more on the theatrical ball than you may think. He not only shows 'em, he writes 'em. We saw a clipping this week in a Hollywood news sheet telling as to how one C. C. Burr had just bought the screen rights to "Wyoming Wildcat," "Border Bad Man" and "Midnight Rider," original by Richard Bare, for production by the Famous Feature Films. And they want Dick to do the continuities for the screen plays here in Carmel in between the daily pulling of the Filmarte curtain. Not so tough.

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BACH CHORUS REHEARSAL DELAYED A WEEK

No Bach Festival chorus rehearsal will be held this coming Monday evening, but will be held the following Monday, February 22. There will be as usual a rehearsal of the Bach Festival orchestra this Sunday evening.

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Parent-Teachers Hear Talks On Child Guidance

The regular monthly meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association of Sunset School featured a conference table presentation of some of the topics Mr. Bardarson had heard discussed at the recent State Teachers' Convention. Four members of the Sunset faculty sat, together with Mr. Bardarson, informally at a table, each speaking briefly on some phase of child guidance.

Letters of thanks were voted to Carl Rohr, J. Weaver Kitchen and Ralph Hicks for their contributions of labor and materials toward fitting out the new kitchen just off the school library. A water heater, completely installed, was the gift of Carl Rohr, while the plumbing was accomplished through the kindness of Mr. Kitchen and Mr. Hicks. A vote of thanks also went to the board of school trustees for painting and cupboarding.

Mrs. Frances Johnson spoke on the biological factors in the development of the child; that is, the effect of the physical on personality patterns. Mrs. Lilly Trowbridge presented the sociological case, which, broadly speaking, means the adjustment of the child to his group; Mrs. Frances Farley urged the careful study of the emotional content of the child with a view to both freedom and control; Mrs. Ann Uzzell attacked the subject of character building, stressing the point that the ability to learn to make choices is the first requisite of strong people.

Mr. Bardarson's remarks will be found in his column on Education in this issue of THE CYMBAL.

Mrs. Horace Dormody was program chairman, and tea was prepared in the new kitchenette and served by room mothers from Mrs. Johnson's and Mrs. Trowbridge's class rooms.

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BERKEY AND EWIG PRETTY THICK THESE DAYS

Charlie Berkey comes downtown early and counts the cash.

E. H. Ewig comes down early and counts the fresh vegetables.

Then each issues forth from his own bailiwick and they meet at Joe Burge's tombstones in the center of the street.

They climb into Berkey's car and—swish! Carmel sees them no more until nearly dusk.

Charlie comes back and balances the cash.

E. H. comes back and picks off the withered leaves.

In the meantime they have been sitting in sober judgment on some poor bird who has, temporarily, strayed from the path of some particular virtue.

Neither of them likes jury duty in Salinas and they tried to beg off. But justice concerns itself neither with cash nor cabbage. A Berkey and an Ewig spell nothing but a couple of good men and true to a Salinas judge.

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BOY SCOUTS CELEBRATE SCOUT ANNIVERSARY

In celebration of the twenty-seventh birthday of Scouting in America the local unit in Carmel has ben doing its share to further and unite the Scout movement. The local troop has assembled in the show windows of the Carmel garage an interesting and unusual display. There is everything from a crystal radio set to a camping tent; it is well worth your trouble to pause a moment on your way to the post office and look around.

If the weather permits, the boys will go on anniversary hikes to celebrate Lincoln's birthday.

WHITE CAPS ON RADIO WAVES

KPO—Tonight at 7 o'clock, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra with Ormondy conducting a half hour of classic music.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, Abram Chasins composer will present a thirty minute interlude of piano analysis and interpretation of classic pianoforte.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, three hours of the Metropolitan Grand Opera (which is "very very grand"). The Opera will be Massenet's *Manon* and a new soprano will make her debut.

KSFO—Tomorrow afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, The Columbia Workshop.

KSFO—Sunday at 12 o'clock noon Mr. Chavez conducts the New York Philharmonic. He will play some of his own modern musical interpretations.

KPO—Sunday night at 7 o'clock, Stravinski is conducting the General Motors concert. He will play his own *Petrouchka* with a Russian choir.

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McGAW-KNOX TO READ PLAYS THIS WEEK-END

The McGaw-Knox schedule of play presentations for this week-end has been re-arranged to meet the emergency presented by the postponement of the Carmel Music Society's concert of Richard Crooks.

"Whiteoaks," the current London hit, by Mazo de la Roche, will be given tomorrow afternoon, February 13, at 3 o'clock.

"Pride and Prejudice," Helen Jerome's dramatization of the famous Jane Austen classic, will be presented on Sunday evening, February 14, at 8:30. This play divided honors with Helen Hayes' performance in "Victoria Regina" as the outstanding event of the last New York season.

Both of the above presentations will be given in the Golden Bough Greenroom on Casanova street, between Eighth and Ninth streets.

It is announced that season tickets, which call for only one performance a week, will be honored for both readings.

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The Sunday afternoon cocktail hour at the American Legion clubhouse last Sunday was in charge of members of the Auxiliary. Heading the women's group as hostesses were Mrs. Martin Peterson, Mrs. L. E. Gottfried, Mrs. James Regan and Mrs. Ray Moore.

Block S Awarded To Basketball Stalwarts

Basketball prowess has won for a score or more Sunset School students coveted block S's or almost equally coveted stars to wear on their stalwart chests.

In the heavyweight class the boys to get the letters are Robert Gargiulo, Peter Thatcher, Donald Morton, William Kawanura, William Lange, Howard Levinson, Bobby Mays and the coach, Tony Lugoni.

In the lightweight class, and these boys, it is to be not lightly noted, are the basketball champions of the Monterey Peninsula, letters go to Irving Parker, George DeAmaral, Donald Berry and George Gossler, and stars to Bill Coffin, Bobby Frolli and Orville Jones. Arthur Hull is the coach.

In intramural basketball stars are awarded to Irving Parker, Peter Elliott and Allan Cobb. Honorable mention is given to Jimmy Welsh, Bill Morrison, Arthur Strasburger and Arthur Hately.

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PENINSULA COLORED PEOPLE RAISE $38 FOR FLOOD RELIEF

A total of $38 was turned over to Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, yesterday by a committee representing the colored residents of the Peninsula. The money, designed for flood relief, is the sum realized from the cabaret and dance given by and for colored people at the Oak Grove Fire house Tuesday night. More than 70 persons attended the entertainment which was arranged by Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson and Mrs. Ella Alston.

In telling us about the affair, Carl Harris said: "The colored people have not been solicited for funds by the Red Cross and we wanted to do our share."

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GOVERNMENT OFFERS TO HELP YOU COUGH UP

If you don't know what your income was last year, or what the United States government wants you to pay it because you hauled in that much money, don't worry, the goblins will not only get you, but get you all salted and peppered to make more tasty the getting. A deputy collector of internal revenue is coming hence shortly and will be ensconced at the Bank of Carmel on February 19 and 20 to help you make out your tax return. There is a whimsical note that should be attached to this: "There is no charge for the service." Service, your eye!

PISTOL CLUB PLANS FOR INDOOR RANGE

An indoor pistol range is in order for the Carmel Pistol Club. Last week at the monthly meeting of the members a committee was named to find a suitable location for the new project.

Presentation of the Owen Ford trophy to Hatton Martin, winner of the Ford shoot, was postponed because of Ford's absence from the meeting.

Edwyn B. Warner, a member for seven years and one of those who organized the club, was elected to honorary life membership.

The club membership now stands at 85 and a great deal of enthusiasm is being shown over the prospect of a new indoor range.

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RICHARD CROOKS SINGS IN SAN JOSE FEB. 17

The Denny-Watrous management announces that those who were unable to obtain tickets for the Carmel concert of Richard Crooks may hear the great tenor in the same program on Wednesday evening, February 17, in the Civic Auditorium, San Jose. He will be presented there by the Denny-Watrous management.

\+ + +

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The *Carmel* Cymbal

Vol. 6 No. 7

February 12, 1937

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$1 a year

Application for entry as second-class matter pend.

W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *last week (issue of February 5, 1937) was as follows:*

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District	326
Outside Carmel District	76
Newsstand Sales	45
Total	447
Gain over previous week	18

TEN YEARS AGO *this week*

From The Cymbal, February 2, 1927

. . . City Marshal Gus Englund got his raise—from $150 a month to $175. The resolution for the increase was presented by Trustee John Dennis and seconded by Fenton Foster.

+

. . . Personal note: Eliot Durham is seen hobbling around on crutches this week—the result of a too-energetic slide to first base at last Sunday's Abalone League game on the Point.

+

. . . There was some guff about some guy putting in a want ad, after seeing "The Bad Man" twice. His ad read like this: "WANTED—For Carmel. Another play like 'The Bad Man'; another STAR like Jo Mora; another CAST such as gave those two priceless performances last week! WANTED—more of George Ball, and his direction; and more opportunities for Dick and Rhoda Johnson to set a stage and light it."

+

. . . By the way, Rhoda, THE CYMBAL ten years ago this week printed the story about Patty gazing steadfastly at Mrs. Vincent Astor who happened to have come to Carmel and was in the audience at the Arts and Crafts Theater while you and Dickie (I love calling that bird Dickie) were doing your stuff back stage. You remember, whenever Patty would get off on the wrong foot with a salad fork instead of a bread and butter knife at table, you used to ask her: "Would you act that way at Mrs. Astor's?" Well, Patty sort of spiked that one, didn't she? She looked at Mrs. Astor in the flesh and there wasn't any blinding flash that knocked her over. You had to change that question to the Duke of Wellington, or something.

+

. . . Charles McMorris Purdy ran an ad trying to sell a "New Hudson Brougham" for $1,000. Don't remember if he sold it, but he must have—with an ad in THE CYMBAL.

Third Dimension In Reading

Every week there comes in the mail a paper of 20 pages or so, advertising and reviewing the new books. And every week there are quantities of new publications, interesting things, by interesting people—no dearth of them. You turn over the pages, dip into the reviews and say "I must read that," "I certainly will buy this" and you hurry to the library to put your name down for several of them.

Now how, in a busy life, is it possible to keep up with this flood from the presses? It is not; and if we are intelligent and stop for a moment to see what is happening we will realize that we are being pushed, in spite of ourselves, into another dimension in reading (and only the third dimension at that).

The literary ambition of the past few centuries has been *wide* reading. That is the second dimension. When books were somewhat scarce, and living conditions different, it was necessary to stimulate people to wide reading. They had to make an effort to get books and the result was that few people read widely.

Today, however, our reading has become too wide. It has overflowed the second dimension and unless it finds the third, it will become merely diffuse and meaningless. Reading must take upon itself a new, a third dimension, which is depth—or thickness.

The first result of consciously accepting this new attitude is that the field becomes limited. We do not read so widely. We will limit ourselves in our choice of books, but those we choose we will read *deeply*. We will find that a good book has substance. Reading is not a matter of merely covering the surface but of going down into the writer's mind and finding the source of his inspiration.

Look at the list of names on the waiting list of any library. All the most important new books are reserved for weeks before they ever reach the shelves. Hundreds of people grab eagerly for them, take them home and actually gobble them up. It is an accepted form of greediness. The same people would be ashamed to eat their food that way. There is no restraint, no dignity about this rush for books, this wide reading which has become a vice.

Here is a typical conversation recently overheard about a new book: "Have you read 'Man the Unknown'?" "Oh yes, I had it home last week." "Did you enjoy it?" "My dear, it's absolutely marvellous." "What's it all about?" "Well, it's by a doctor, Dr. Carrel, he says we don't know ourselves." "Well, what else does he say?" "My dear, how can I tell you? You read it for yourself, you'll love it."

Varying in subtle degrees from the remarks of this reader who probably got no further than the flap of the cover, the remarks of wide readers show the importance of consciously limiting our reading and of accepting the new dimension, depth. One sentence of Alexis Carrel's, if read deeply, will reveal more than a dozen books read superficially. Take, for instance, "Each one of us is made up of a procession of phantoms, in the midst of which strides an unknowable reality." The reader can afford to let time pass while he goes deeply into that statement!

If we would realize what books are, we might see how foolish it is to try "to keep up with the new books" while the real ones lie dusty on our shelves. Books are nothing in themselves. They are gateways to experience. You can step through them into new worlds. You may read a hundred new books and never know the difference. Time has passed pleasantly and that is all. But you may read one page of a real book deeply—one sentence perhaps, and a world will have changed for you.

—Dora Hagemeyer

CLANGING CYMBALS

It is our fortunate portion that many of the more obvious matters of life will always have for us a haunting unreality. A phrase, an idea, that is axiomatic will flit along the crepuscular borders of our consciousness never getting anywhere at all.

Thus, the statement that two and two make four. Sometimes from the deep weariness of which the human soul now and again partakes, we have wished we could just accept this. But, no. Its beautiful meaninglessness often keeps us awake at night; it is so utterly overtakeless. And there are two white birches just as you round the bend to cross Schoodac Brook on our way home. We know quite well that any time we will, we can walk right into those trees and thus, ourselves, become a white birch tree.

So, you can see that when we picked up a casual slip of paper on Ocean avenue the other day and found printed on it a sentiment which is undoubtedly only an old saw to many of you, it instantly took its place in this unsubstantial other life of ours. It repeats itself over and over to us, becoming more delightfully obtuse as it goes on; making charming surrealistic pictures for us. Yet its meaning just eludes us. Just—mind you. We give it here with the understanding that you will never try to explain it. "It has been calculated that the energy of a transatlantic radio signal, caught by the receiving station in Newfoundland, comes in at about the rate required to lift a fly seven inches in a year."

+

Was that hissing sound a certain Miss Perkins making noises at naughty Junior Sloan? And did it sound like, "Take back your guilt for guilt will never buy me"? (Hiss that!)

+

SCENE: *The Jack and Jill Shop, Seven Arts Court.*

PERSONNAE: *All capitalized persons and properties purchaseble at this shop.*

The little Mistress was being kidnapped.

But her favorite, the Red Dog, had a mump. And it ran up into one ear quite erratically so that he looked as if some part of him had been mislaid, but one couldn't quite tell which. He lay and gazed at the Russian Peasant Doll who was laundering exquisitely—in the Latest Model Washing Machine—her Blue Satin Madam's new sawdust. The Clothesline looked like a study in pointillism, but the Red Dog was too ill to be really critical. Not critically ill, you know.

The fact was, the Red Dog was in terrible shame. Even the Cur who looked Too Real to be in good taste was diligently helping Pluto in his nostalgic search for a smell that might be a clue.

"I say," moaned the poor wretch, to the Tawny Goat grazing near, "do you suppose that if you butted this thing . . one of your best butts, you know . . ."

Just then the Green Roadster belonging to the dear Little Mistress came racing up the drive with the Blonde Giraffe at the wheel.

"Tally-ho," waggled the long neck, and the Giraffe went madly north.

The Fire Engine fled after; the Magnificent Soldier leapt to the back of the Blue Horse with Russet Mane and was gone in a cloud, dragging his Shako behind him, with Pluto and the Dog that was Too Real in full cry.

The Red Dog made a simply terrific effort, but he *could* not lift the mump. He crept over to where the Sky Blue Seal was hopping about in circles, tears streaming down his broadcloth.

"Don't do that. You'll run."

"That is a deliberately pernicious joke," wept the Seal, beating his flippers helplessly. "Besides, you know we are all Fast Color."

The Elephant Who Made Music winked and, quite as if it were a signal, Little Mistress walked in, looking shyly up at her Soldier and came and sat by the Red Dog and stroked the other cheek. The Red Dog peeped carefully from his good eye.

Just possibly, he had dozed.

And that, begging your indulgence, is the way you feel if you prowl around in Mrs. Vanderlip's shop. We suspect that Mrs. Vanderlip herself, in the guise of her silver fairy (she reminds us of Pinocchio's Fairy with the Blue Hair) gets very pixilated indeed, what with that Elephant Who Makes Music to abet her. We certainly got that way. But then, as the little old lady said to Mr. Deeds, everybody is pixilated in our town.

+

There are too many potential harbingers of spring—to judge by what we observe hereabouts—on their way up to the nursery at the hospital, to leave Mrs. Vanderlip's without mentioning the simply delicious muffly sweaters that Mollie Gibbons makes for your impending Jack or Jill; the delicate broideries on tiny things; the downy blankets. *Bien, bien!* Our own nieces and nephews arrive with shameless regularity. And we take pleasure in announcing that, with the whole vast resources of New York City at our command, we have never been more satisfied than at the Jack and Jill.

+

Virginia said she had seen two beautiful mannikins. They looked like Charlotte Lawrence. They both looked like Charlotte Lawrence.

+

Plagiarizing that department in the *Reader's Digest* called. "Finesse in Human Relations":

Some years ago our cook died of pure culinary genius, and we had to get another. A big darky straight from Ca'lina had arrived at the colored YWCA that morning and by only the most incredible stroke of luck, happened to be sitting on a bench in the employment office when we telephoned.

Now it happened that just previous to this, life had dealt us one of its truly crushing blows. It was a time of black shadows in our heart and black shadows stalking our house, for there is no greater sorrow than a sorrowing negro.

Three mornings after the induction of Octavia, we were nibbling away at our toast in the usual dour silence, when her great sable form filled the doorway. In her hand she carried a battered old book.

"Miss Lenda," she said, "has you ever heered any these yere tunes?"

She pushed a book of ancient gospel hymns under our nose and we allowed as how we had been raised up on them.

"Well," she asked, "Ah wonder, would you seng me this yere one. Het's bin runnin' through ma haid all mo'nin'. Seems lak Ah jes cain't get shet of it."

She placed one black finger solidly on the Doxology, and we lifted up our head and sang at the top of our lungs:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below.
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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CARMEL CAPERS

We ask ourselves why, in a presumably well-balanced community, there are evidently so many more heels than souls.

+

Freddie Nagel held a "jam session" out at the Villa McAdams on Thursday night. We understand that this is to be a regular weekly occurrence: barring only an act of God or the neighbors.

+

Phil Nesbitt is going to make a firmer outline around the monkeys in his murals at the Lodge; Bob Stanton complains that they do not stand out in clear enough relief as a background and Phil, also, is greatly distressed at the thought of his decorous little brain-children mingling too freely with some of the Lodge's less civilized guests.

+

Lament for the Chicken Shack: The Chicken Shack is dead! No longer does the aroma of two-month-old chicken fat greet our nostrils from the highway. No longer does "Snake-Hips" wriggle through her inimitable dances. No longer does the mad drummer beat out his insensate rhythm on chairs, tables and everything at hand.

And the little apple-cheeked hostess, who enjoyed her first tiff with night life and the wiles of the travelling man, has returned to the lettuce fields.

Gone to green pastures, gone are they all, gone with a slightly rancid wind, to the blare of trumpets and the beat of drums!

+

As was remarked by a local turner of phrases: the daughter of a certain Monterey Co. politician is more than a *conservative*: she is a *preservative*.

+

Pete Conlon is among our more ardent movie fans and is frequently to be seen occupying a loge and slumbering deeply through the better efforts of Messrs. Goldwyn, Paramount, and Warner. Only the "carrion" voices of such stars as Marhta Raye have ever caused Pete to suffer insomnia or regret at his devotion to the fulsome art of Hollywood.

+

We wish all our little readers could have seen the gathering of a local women's club at Del Monte. Many of the erudite matriarchs seemed to be attempting to hide the light of their intellects under a bustle.

+

Our happiness would be complete if only we felt that we could trust ourselves in one of the lovely new dresses at Magnin's, with a zipper *all* the way down the front.

+

It is rumored that the little red book containing the list of his amorous conquests, past, present, and future, of one Gordon (Casanova) Campbell is about the most inclusive volume in these parts, barring only the telephone directory.

+

Eastern papers please do not copy: we are seriously contemplating flight to warmer and drier climes as the—shall we say humidity, of the present season has dampened even our fervid devotion to Carmel.

+

We are informed that the new post office is to occupy the present site of the San Carlos Riding Academy. Wouldn't it be fun to find a horse in one's mail box? Or are we wrong again?

+

Jack Hawkins is the only male within a radius of many miles who can perform a fairly recognizable rhumba. And he, in the sacred interests of Del Monte hospitality, is forced to confine his efforts to the hotel's most aged and loveless hags, who find themselves in a complete dither over his exotic, rhythmic exuberance.

—L. L.

+ + +

You Can Get Friend On Radio; Phone Charlie Guth

Did you know that by calling up Charlie Guth (Policeman Guth to you) at Carmel 105 around 6 o'clock any evening you can send a message to anyone of your friends in the United States or Canada, even as far as Hawaii, without any charge or obligation. We didn't know it or believe it until Charlie asked us down to see for ourselves the other night.

Charlie was seated before a mike swinging on a single wire from the ceiling. In front of him was the transmitter and a short wave receiver. The transmitter is about the size and shape of a small ice box with tubes and dials and gadgets of every description. Charlie was talking into the mike. He turned and motioned to a chair: "Sit down, we are going to hook in on the net work in five minutes," he said.

The network, we discovered later, goes on every night at this time for the purpose of delivering and receiving messages to and from the various amateur stations. This is something new in amateur radio on the west coast.

The Mission Trails network started up a month ago. It consists of 12 amateur transmitters throughout central California from San Francisco to Los Angeles. At 6:45 every night Bob Carter at the key station in Monterey calls the roll and from that time on is master of ceremonies and a very good one at that. He directs the traffic of any messages that are to be sent and keeps the tone of the meeting pepped up in a way that could compare with a national radio announcer.

After several messages have been exchanged we were suddenly startled out of our contemplation by Charlie announcing that he had a guest here this evening who would like to say a few words. He swung the mike over toward us and we had to grab it. Our hat fell off and our face grew red and we stammered at the box but no words came. It all happened just like that . . no words would come out (we later learned that that is what is known as mike fright). Charlie took pity on us and saved the situation by explaining to the audience what had happened. It seems that this is one of their radio parlor tricks that always works. Fifteen minutes later they gave us another try and soon we were talking to Stockton and Grass Valley as if we had been pals for years.

For three quarters of an hour we listened in until the network called roll again and signed off with 73's and an invitation for us to come back again (a 73 means good luck).

So if Mr. and Mrs. Public happen to bed down at the bottom of the dial and hear Charlie sending out "Hello CQ, CQ, hello CQ—W6NAL calling CQ" they will know that Carmel is well represented in the lower frequencies and that if they want to send any messages, Charlie is more than willing to oblige.

—Ross Burton

+ + +

Ruth Austin and Mrs. Edith Greenan are endeavoring to obtain reservations on almost any kind of a boat that will take them to Honolulu, or drop them off there. The recent San Francisco strike has made the getting-away difficult as many would-be travelers have been putting their names down on future steamer lists for some weeks. Ruth has been ill with influenza and will go to the islands for a short stay to recuperate.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The Point Patrol is busy these days with so many new dogs moving into the neighborhood. Squad I, consisting of Peggy and Cubby Grable, is in charge of observations and has its headquarters atop the Grable guest house, while Squad II, made up of three canny Scots, Monty, Robin, and Bob Weld, patrols the road from a strategic position behind their mistress' fence. Great is the excitement when the pugnacious-looking Mr. Bulldog Jeffers passes by on his daily walk with his master. There is much shouting back and forth among the Patrol but Mr. Jeffers seldom pays any heed.

Each evening the Patrol gathers before the Grable fireplace to receive as remuneration for the day's duties two marshmallows and a pat on the head.

+

Friends of Domino Yates will be sorry to hear that he is ill in the hospital.

+

Fritz Johnson believes in the old saying, "Three's a crowd." He thought it was bad enough when his mistress adopted another dachshund, Lucky Lager Fish, but when she adopted Lucky's sister, that was too much. Fritz sarcastically calls the new-comer "Miss Take" because she gets all the best tid-bits. The only way that Fritz can get any attention at dinnertime is to sit up on his hind legs, and that is quite a feat for a "dachsie," even for one of Fritz' talents.

+

That dark roustabout-town, Baby, nominates for candidates for the Protective League For The Underdog, Mrs. John Cocke and Miss Elaine Carter, who saved him from the lethal chamber by purchasing a dog license for him. Neither of his friends has been able to find a collar big enough to fit him, but it has been suggested that perhaps they could find something near his size at one of the local stables.

+

Pat Condon is mourning the loss of her little four-legged companion, Peter, who passed away last week.

+

Steamboat Gentry and her three charming children, Moby Dick, Siskiyou Sue, and Ebony Maid, walked away with all the honors at the Cocker Spaniel Specialty Show in Los Angeles last week. "Steamer" modestly stated that she is planning to take her darlings to the Pasadena show on February 13th, where she expects them to add to their laurels.

+

Excitement ran high among the cocker spaniels of the village when the news got around that O. B. Gilman of Boston, was in town. There was much posing and posturing and strutting about because Mr. Gilman is one of the foremost authorities on cockers and has been interested in them since 1883 when he was given his first puppy. He is the owner of that famous cocker, Gallant.

+

COMMENT:

Did you know that:

In England in the County of Kent is a piece of land known as the Dog Whippers' Marsh from which a payment of ten shillings a year was to be devoted to keeping dogs out of church.

CLIPPINGS

FROM TILLY POLAK'S FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

The organization of the International Boy Scouts Camp, which will be held from July 31 to August 10 in Vogelenzang near Haarlem, is going ahead full speed.

Enrollments from all over the world are being entered daily at headquarters, which proves that there is great enthusiasm for this jamboree, especially in England. Extra boats will be chartered to bring parents and friends to Holland. Belgium will bring its visitors by buses. The U.S.A. promises 1000 participants, France enters 2500. Besides characteristic camp demonstrations many countries will display typical national customs and habits by examples and theatrical performances. The Danes coming with 500 Scouts will give a gymnastic exhibition which has never been seen before.

The Dutch (Holland) "welps" (that is the name for the youngest boy-scout in Holland) will pay a two days' visit and demonstrate their games and sing their campfire songs. They will be housed in the Haarlem public schools.

Invitations for an international glider contest with gliders made by the boy scouts will be sent out. An exhibition is organized for airplanes made by Boy Scouts. Only those models can be shown which are made or used in the country they represent.

In the "World Theater," open to the public, performances will be given by troupes from all the countries represented.

The jamboree grounds have eight sub-camps, situated at the Vogelzang highway, closed temporarily to the general public. The campfire spot is in the dunes where a natural amphitheatre will give space for thousands of spectators.

Through the cooperation of the State and Municipal Water Company good drinking water will be supplied.

The market place has a restaurant which can seat 3000 people, eighty shops, a bank and a post office. Visiting foreigners who cannot speak English do not have to be afraid of not being able to find their way on the camp grounds. Instead of using signs in eight languages, which of course might cause a man's beard to grow at least an inch before he arrived at his own language when looking for a barber shop, paintings will be used. Do you want to see your barber? Look for the signs with a razor and shaving brush. The bank? A bag with money. And so on. Let us go.

(Footnote: I like the Holland word "Pathfinder" much better than the English "Boy Scout." Pure nationalism, of course.)

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Peninsula First-run Prices
Watch for the light in the sky!

AN OPEN LETTER TO ROSS MILLER, EDITOR OF THE PINE CONE

Carmel, California,
February 11, 1937

MR. ROSS C. MILLER,
Editor and Part Owner of *The Carmel Pine Cone*,
Carmel, California.

Dear Ross:

I suppose we have to allow a man a certain amount of latitude in his method of celebrating his birthday, and that, probably would go for newspapers also. Therefore, one cannot exactly quarrel with the way the *Pine Cone* celebrated its birthday last week. One can, however, be somewhat amused by the manner in which it threw all normal restraint to the winds and, like a man fortified by artificial stimulant, told everyone within its reach how important it really isn't.

But because your *Pine Cone* made its birthday statements in a manner that indicated it itself did not know how rather silly it was being, let us take the assertions of importance you uttered and sort of dissect them. Just in case you haven't a *Pine Cone* before you, and open to Page 15, let me quote your assertions and, if you will allow me, comment on them as I quote them.

Assertion No. 1—*More people paid for Pine Cone subscriptions and more people bought Pine Cones on the streets and from newsstands last month than in any previous January in the Pine Cone's history.*

I can't say I think so much of that assertion as important. The *Pine Cone*, 22 years in existence, and absolutely alone in the field for that length of time as far as any appreciable competition is concerned, ought surely to show an increase in any certain month over the same month in the year previous. If a newspaper, in a growing city, can't show a gain in a year, it's no shucks of a newspaper. Out of say 50 new residents in a town this year over last, there is no reason at all why it shouldn't get at least two of them to subscribe for it. That would be a gain of two over "any previous January." You didn't say how many. You never do. The *Pine Cone* apparently doesn't like figures. But we'll give you the two and admit the gain.

Assertion No. 2—*The Pine Cone circulates more papers in Carmel than all other Carmel newspapers combined.*

That is banana oil and you know it is. It is also one of those so-called "glittering generalities" that look swell, but don't mean a thing.

Even the *Californian* could print a statement like that and there is no law to stop it.

But why not give the public some figures in the matter? THE CYMBAL does. THE CYMBAL says, in so many words, that its PAID subscriptions in Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach total 321 and that that total is almost TWICE the paid subscription list of the *Pine Cone* in the same area.

That is saying something. That is saying something that can either be proved or disproved.

You know, Ross, how many papers the *Pine Cone* puts into the post office for PAID subscribers in this district. I know how many papers the *Pine Cone* puts in the post office for PAID subscribers in this district. And you know that I know. Why not come clean and tell the public just how many? Why not, for instance, make a sworn statement to it, and print it, as THE CYMBAL does?

I repeat: THE CYMBAL put 321 papers, to go to 321 PAID subscribers in this district, into the post office on January 29. The *Pine Cone* put only a trifle more than HALF that number into the post office on that date for PAID subscribers in this district. Those are not glittering generalities—those are facts and figures.

You can answer them. Why don't you?

Now, let me continue along this honest strain. You do sell more *Pine Cones* on the newsstands than we do CYMBALS. Not a great many more, but more. Your newsboys sell quite a number of *Pine Cones* on the streets and THE CYMBAL does not use newsboys on the streets.

But your PAID subscription list in this area, plus your newsstand sales, plus your street sales, do NOT total the paid circulation of THE CYMBAL in Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach.

Assertion No. 3—*Its (The Pine Cone's) circulation in this area is greater than any outside newspaper coming into Carmel, not excluding outside dailies.*

That assertion is just too absurd to answer at all. The *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* agents here have been laughing about that all week. If you made that assertion to amuse them you have succeeded admirably.

We'll skip Assertion No. 4, about how the *Pine Cone* has been telling the story of Carmel for 22 years to Carmelites and the "Carmel-minded" (whatever they are) at home and abroad. That's true, we suppose, especially about the "abroad."

Assertion No. 5—*The Pine Cone is read by more than 5,000 persons each week.*

Now Ross, a certain amount of sobriety is expected even of a Carmel newspaper editor. If you multiplied your entire press run by four you couldn't reach a figure like that. THE CYMBAL has declared, and declares again, that in this district, ONLY in which circulation is of ANY value to local advertisers, THE CYMBAL is read by more than 1500 persons each week. We're leaning a little backward on that, but, as we write, we're sober.

Assertion No. 6—*The Pine Cone has friends all over the world.*

Now, I like that. It's a true statement and should be noted. The *Pine Cone's* circulation, during its 22 years of existence, has been growing steadily "all over the world." There's no denying that. In fact, a good two-thirds of *Pine Cone* circulation goes "all over the world." To Mrs. Leidig, advertising a special on grapefruit or split peas, that's interesting but not important. To the stationery store with Valentine novelties this week it is probably important, but not much.

No, the truth is, Ross, that for 22 years the merchants of Carmel have been paying for a pig in a poke in buying *Pine Cone* advertising. They have never actually known what circulation in their shopping radius they are getting for their *Pine Cone* advertising. They don't know today. It may be your idea never to tell them. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it is safer never to tell them. Perhaps it is safer to indulge in glittering generalities and say, on your birthdays: "The *Pine Cone* circulation is greater than the combined circulations of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *New York Times*," or words to that effect. Perhaps, the Carmel merchants are credulous enough to believe it.

But THE CYMBAL is enlightening Carmel merchants. It takes time, but you know that invariable truth about truth. It eventually arrives.

THE CYMBAL, as we say, had 321 PAID subscribers in this district as of January 29. That is almost twice the PAID subscribers of the *Pine Cone* in this district.

You can come back at that, Ross, but you'll have to come back with figures—not with glittering generalities; not with a lot of ranting around such as a man so amusingly engages in on his birthday.

W. K. BASSETT
Editor, THE CYMBAL

Chevalier Is Next Filmarte Offer

"The Beloved Vagabond," Columbia's musical romance starring Maurice Chevalier, will be seen in Carmel at the Filmarte Theatre before San Francisco audiences have the opportunity of seeing the free adaptation of W. J. Locke's widely-read novel. Richard Bare, manager of the Filmarte, announces that the showing of "The Beloved Vagabond" here will be one of the first showings in the state.

Chevalier sings a number of the gay French tunes, which have always been his forte, and carries on romantically in the mood of "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Innocents of Paris."

The film, made in England by an American film company, is an English-language film, and starts a five day engagement at the Filmarte tonight.

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SPANISH YOUTHS HERE TO TALK ABOUT WAR

Two speakers from the Spanish Youth Delegation, representatives of the Spanish government, directly from the war front in Spain, will speak in the Auditorium of the Monterey Union High School Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock February 22. They will speak in their native tongue, the speeches being interpreted into English as they talk. There will also be two talks in English on the same subject. The admission is free. On the evening of the same day there will be a dance given for the benefit of the wounded and the Red Cross in Spain.

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MAYBE JOHN IS STILL PAYING FOR TELEPHONE

If John Jordan isn't still paying for a telephone in the recent Landon headquarters on Dolores street, he ought to be. In fact, he made a contract with the telephone company which should keep him paying for that telephone for another four years. But it was a verbal contract and perhaps Sexton won't try to hold him to it.

This is the way it is, or was:

Some time in the early part of last October, or the latter part of September, John walked into the local telephone office and ordered a phone for the G.O.P stand he set up in one of Mrs. Dummage's stores. He set up shop there and pasted *Literary Digest's* straw ballot prognostications in the windows each week. But, to get back to ordering the telephone.

"How long will you want it?" asked Mrs. Newell.

"Until we get a new president," answered John, right out bold-like.

Now—on November 3—well, you know. We won't repeat it—it still hurts John.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Ley, Carmel's pungent columnist, is in Palm Springs, or was when this was written on Wednesday.

Goodmon Dances Here Sunday

Jack Goodmon and Norris D'Amron are returning to Carmel. Not for long, however, but long enough for Carmel people to be pleased about it. That is, those who take advantage of what D'Amron arrived the past week to pave the way for.

D'Amron is the advance agent, and one of the sponsors for Goodmon, Sergio Franco and Suzanne Torres in a concert of music and dance at Sunset Auditorium this Sunday evening. The talented trio are touring the country under the management of Gladys Hopkins Roesling and their concert here will be followed by one in Oakland on February 18 under the sponsorship of Casa Hispano, Spanish club of the University of California.

We, here in Carmel, know how Goodmon can dance and he needs neither introduction nor praise.

Sergio Franco is considered one of Mexico City's great dance artists. For two years he engaged in research with the asssistance of an archaeologist to obtain material for a remarkable series of primitive legends, rituals and dances of the Aztecs and Mayans.

Suzanne Torres sings the Zapotecan, Mayan and Aztec melodies to which the strangely beautiful dances of an ancient civilization are danced. In a concert tour of South American cities, she collected dozens of beautiful old costumes, jeweled ornaments, robes of fur and brilliantly colored peasant weavings which she uses in their song and dance concerts.

Business Directory

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Classified Ads.

FOR QUICK SALE—Owner leaving Carmel and really wants to sell two-story house containing two apartments. Will realize 12 per cent return at low rentals, or owner can live in one apartment and rent the other. Located in good section. Price $4500.00. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue.

BUSINESS BUILDING — A good building in excellent location that can show an income of over $2000 a year. Our price for limited time of $16500, and terms can be arranged. The rents will pay for this property. Could not be duplicated today new for anything near this price. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue.

SIZZLING STEAK DINNERS
75 CENTS
YOU GET YOUR STEAK
FIRST—WITH THE SALAD
THE BLUE BIRD
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IS YOUR RADIO *sick?*
RADIO REPAIRING EXCLUSIVELY
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He Much Prefers, If You Don't Mind, To Be Called Robbie—Our New Business Association Prexie

He prefers, if you don't mind, to be called Robbie.

Captain J. Shelburn Robison, newly-elected president of the Carmel Business Association, lawyer, and good fellow.

Of the number of things Robbie has done, he likes best to recall the morning of November 11, 1931, when the Unknown Soldier was laid to rest at Arlington. Robbie's own battery from Fort Myer had been chosen to do the honors and from his private and personal caisson the great boom of the guns was to go forth. It was a fine, calm Virginia day and the throngs on the green hillside—with the new Lincoln Memorial behind them—were waiting tensely for the ceremonies to begin. An old Indian mounted the steps and placed a wreath. At sight of his feathers, Robbie made a sign to get ready to fire. A nod from the Adjutant—and Robbie's battery gave tongue.

But long before that, Robbie had begun making American history by his chronic habit of hitting a hard, white, spheroidal object low and straight ahead—and then leaping from one burlap bag to another until he very often landed on his mouth and belly, clutching at the last of the bags, which was known then as the Home Plate. He was doing this while studying Mining Engineering at Penn State and he did it all so competently that by graduation he had accumulated two fearsome documents—a diploma (with high scholastic honors, including membership in Tau Beta Pi, the Honarary Engineering Society), and a contract with the Pittsburg Pirates.

Now it was the custom of Penn State to play its Big Game of Ball in Washington at Easter time. And Washington, in the spring of 1917, was full of bright new men's clothes, for America was going to the wars. These men included Robbie's uncle, Admiral Robison, who, though a baseball fan himself, was something of a rooter for the Army and Navy forever, and his big, handsome nephew presently found himself fitted out neatly in the dress-up pants of Uncle Sam's Artillery.

He was in the Army now, and he liked it so much that he stayed there until one tragic afternoon in nineteen twenty-eight when the polo pony that had been helping him rapidly toward fame on that other and more entertaining field of honor, took fright and started for a fence. Robbie pulled him up for the jump, but he refused it, and Robbie lay suddenly down against the fence with one foot still twisted into his stirrup.

After two quite long years at the Letterman General Hospital—years during which this young fellow for whom things had theretofore gone rosily, had lots of time to think—he took another document in his hand, his honorable discharge from the service, and limped forth to start life over. He says he was dazed.

This somewhat dramatic skeleton of Robbie's life has, so far, left out the essence of Robbie. Perhaps you would call him a man's man—he likes men and they like him and are ready to place confidence in him. (Of course, if it weren't for that lovely blonde Helen, his wife, we'd hate to think of what the women in this village would do to Captain J. Shelburn Robison.) His service activities always veered in the direction of teaching—building up his men physically and morally and—giant that he is—spiritually, too. At Camp Funston he was Principal of a Grade and High School for army men. He wrote the history of the Seventh Division. His Alma Mater offered him a job teaching Geology—his pet. And just before his fall, he was slated to become Professor of Military Tactics at Stanford.

But lately he got another document for his collection, this time from the Bar Association of California. And, since he likes us and is immensely interested in our problems, civic, legalistic and sociologic, we might keep him if we appreciate him. And we do.

He told us the story about the hat.

He and his company were to stand inspection by a certain somewhat formidable General. The whole Division was to present itself with all its buttons buttoned. Something especial, you know. And then Robbie made his Great Blunder. He sent Helen out to buy him a hat. Now, if you know a wife who thoroughly approves of her husband's hats, you've got to show us. Every woman thinks her man's hats are too old or too young; too big or too little. Helen had always secretly thought Robbie's hats too small. So, clutching her pennies, she went forth and bought her handsome husband a hat to do justice to a Captain of Artillery. Alas! it arrived home too late to change. Robbie tried it every which way, but it *would* slip past his ears. So, most unsoldierly, he entered the parade ground with the hat resting jauntily on one auricle—jauntily but precariously. In the excitement of getting his men in order, he forgot about it. The General approached—came to a dead halt.

"Captain, is that your hat?" he asked levelly.

"Yessir."

"Captain, you have too dam' much hat."

—L. S.

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Bryn-Jones Tells Women Voters War Menaces

(Continued from Page One)

awareness of the danger can the situation be helped at all. Only by realizing horror can we avert it."

Can a legislated neutrality bulwark the untutored passions and the incredible endurances of the peoples?

Having thus given notice to his audience that we are facing no easy problem in trying to effect a thorough-going neutrality policy for America, Dr. Bryn-Jones presented some unpleasant pictures of what isolationism would mean to us.

In concluding, Dr. Bryn-Jones stated firmly the conditions which we, as Americans, must hasten to achieve. Neutrality of thought. Security of "the sane, calculated and convinced" temper of public opinion that we could never accomplish anything by entering into war; that we should stay out as a result of a committal to do so; that by doing so we may be able to call forth in America "a moral dedication" to such principles as will insure us the leadership of a more sensible world.

Mrs. C. L. Voss of Salinas, president of the local branch of the League, made it plain that no policy has yet been formulated by the association, but that it is under earnest consideration.

In addition to his professorship of International Relations at Carleton, Dr. Bryn-Jones is in his fifth year as President of the Minneapolis Foreign Policy Association. A Welshman himself, and former professor at the University of Wales, Dr. Bryn-Jones is thoroughly conversant with conditions abroad, and especially with the problems and policies of Great Britain. He spoke with complete convincingness and authority to an unusually attentive audience.

Mrs. Russell Scott of Salinas presided as chairman. An all-day session for the discussion of reciprocal trade agreements was announced for next Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Hilton in Pebble Beach. While this meeting will be open to members only, a membership tea to be held in Pine Inn beginning at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of February 24 will welcome members and guests of members.

The Cuthbert Stewarts, who came to Pebble Beach to occupy the W. W. Crocker house for a time, have had to gather up their luggage and hie themselves to London. Their agent radios them that souvenir hunters are tearing down their London home, Cumberland House, which they rented to one Wally Simpson before they started on a world tour. Mrs. Simpson didn't occupy the house long, but long enough to make the front steps and a drain or two corking good souvenirs.

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Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wilson, Sr., accompanied by their son, James Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, drove down from Burlingame this week and will remain over the week-end at their home on the Point. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Sr., have been making their home for a while with the James Wilsons.

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Read The Cymbal Ads.

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

presents

RICHARD CROOKS, TENOR
Sat. Feb. 13th

NATHAN MILSTEIN, VIOLINIST
Sat. Feb. 20th

SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Post Season Membership for three remaining concerts $6.00 or $4.50 • Also Single Tickets

On Sale at Thoburn's, Carmel 62 or Mrs. Flanders, Carmel 22

Cunningham Bros. Market, under new management, will be called

FRIENDLY MARKET
FREE DELIVERY • TELEPHONE 446

Avocadoes	Fancy large, ripe	3 for 16c
Ripe Bananas		2 lbs. for 13c
Tomato Juice	Libby's No. 2 can	2 for 15c
Grapefruit	Fancy Arizona	6 for 23c
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Pineapple Juice	Libby's No. 2 can	10c
Pineapple Juice	Libby's No. 1 can	7c
Del Monte Milk		Qt. 12c

This milk is fresher, richer, and is delivered twice daily

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290 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY
Of course, you can dance every night

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